

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

*Ri.* And I as I loue *Hastings* with my heart.

*Kin.* Maddam, your selfe is not exempte in this,

Nor your sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, nor you,

You haue bene factious one against the other.

Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,

And what you doe, do it vnfaignedly.

*Qu.* Heere *Hastings*, I will neuer mote remember

Out former hatred, so thriue I and mine.

*Dor.* Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,

Vpon my part shall be vnviolable.

*Ha.* And so I sweare my Lord.

*Kin.* Now princely *Buckingham* seale vp this league,

With thy embracement to my wiues allies.

And make me happy in his vinity.

*Buc.* When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate

On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish mee

With hate, in those where I expect most loue,

When I haue most neede to imploy a friend.

And most assured that he is a friend,

Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile

Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God,

When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.

*Kin.* A pleasing cordiall princely *Buckingham*,

Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart

There wanteth now our brother *Glocester* here,

to make the perfect period of this peace.

*Enter Glocester.*

*Buc.* And in good time heere comes the noble Duke,

*Glo.* Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene

And princely peares, a happy time of day.

*Kin.* Happy indeede as wee haue spent the day,

Brother wee haue done deeds of charity:

Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,

Betweene these swelling wrong incensed peeres.

*Glo.* A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,

Amongst this princely heape, if any here

By false inteligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,

Haue thought committed that is hardly borne

By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace,

Tis death to mee to be at emnity,

I hate it and desire all good mens loue.

First Maddam I intreat peace of you,

Which I purchase with my dutious seruice.

Of you my noble cousen *Buckingham*,

If euer any grudge were lodgd betweene vs,

Of you my Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Gray* of you,

That all without desert haue found on me,

Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all:

I do not know that Englishman aliue,

With whome my soule is any iotte at oddes,

More then the infant that is borne to night:

I thanke my God for my humility,

*Qu.* A holy day shall this be kept heereafter,

I would to God all strife were well compounded,

My soueraigne leige I do beseech your maiesty

To take our brother *Clarence*, to your grace.

*Glo.* Why Maddam, haue I offered loue for this,

To be thus scornd in this royall presence?

Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?

You doe him iniury to scorne his coarfe.

*Ri.* Who knowes not he is dead, who knowes

*Qu.* All seeing heauen, what a world is this?

*Buc.* Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset* as the rest?

*Dor.* I my good Lord and noone in this presence

But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

*Kin.* Is *Clarence* dead? the order was reuerted,

*Glo.* But He poore soule by our first order dide,

And that a winged Mercury did beare,

Some tardy crippe bore the couuntermaund,

That came too lagge to see him buried:

God graunt that some lesse noble and lesse loyall,

Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:

Deferue not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,

And yet goe currant from suspicion.

*Enter Darby.*

*Dar.*